



## NOTICE

A. S. WATSON & CO.  
FAMILY AND DISPENSING  
CHEMISTS,  
By Appointment to His Excellency the Governor and His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS  
PERFUMERS,  
PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS,  
DAUGHTERS' SUNDRY,  
And  
AERATED WATER MAKERS.

WATSON'S MEDICINE CHESTS REFITTED  
PASSPORT SHIRTS SUPPLIED.

Notice.—To avoid delay in the execution of Orders it is particularly requested that all business communications be addressed to the Firm A. S. Watson & Co., or  
HONGKONG DISPENSARY. 123

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondence on general matters should be addressed to "The Editor," and on business to "The Manager," and not to individuals by name.

Correspondents are requested to forward their name and address with communications addressed to the Editor, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

Advertisements and Subscriptions which are not ordered for a fixed period will be continued until countermanded.

DEATHS.

On the 25th ult. at 11, Plaza Torre, the youngest infant daughter of Joseph and Emma White, aged 2 months and 7 days.

Also—On the 25th ult. in Zaragoza, Spain, the beloved wife of Joseph White, Zaragoza, aged 22 years. [242]

## The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, JULY 1st, 1884.

The Sikh contingent of the Police Force have many good qualities. They are amiable, and usually well on the alert. They are honest and faithful to the Government that employs them. They are frugal, temperate, and well behaved. They do their duty manfully and courageously, heedless alike of abuse or hard knocks, undeterred by considerations of race or class. They cannot, we are assured by Chinese, easily be bribed, and they do not levy black mail. With all these virtues, they have one serious fault, to which it is necessary to call the especial attention of the Authorities. The Sikhs as a rule are much too free in the use they make of their truncheons. This has long been a subject of regret on the part of both European and Chinese residents. A Sikh's method of clearing a space is to draw his truncheon and make a dash among a crowd, dealing promiscuous blows with his nervous arm right and left, without regard to age or size, sometimes inflicting serious bruises on children and old persons. Frequently, too, the zeal of the Punjabis induces him to charge down upon unoffending hawkers, and scatter them and their wares in dire confusion, often when interference is unnecessary. The streets have to be kept clear, of course, and the hawkers, if left to themselves, would no doubt soon block up the pavements, and thoroughfares most completely. But it is not the intention of the Government, it is not the wish of the community, that these humble but often useful purveyors of trifles should be unduly harassed by the guardians of the peace. If the hawkers are so worried that they are deprived of the opportunity of making an honest livelihood, the chances are probable that they will take to other and more questionable means of getting their living. There are already criminals enough in our midst, and it is not advisable to close any door to the poor man by which he can gain a subsistence without proving on his fellowmen. The capture of the Sikhs is also likely, at any moment to kindle a disturbance such as took place on Saturday morning last in Queen's Road West. The Sikh version of that affray was that it arose out of the capture of a gambler and the dispersal of a gang of the same fraternity. Now this may be true enough, so far as the immediate cause of the disturbance was concerned, but we believe that the Chinese statement to the effect that some little time previous to the row a child had been knocked two steps by one Sikh and a woman struck by another were at the bottom of the clamorous and furious opposition to the constables shown by the crowd. The Chinese are a people who are law-abiding race, and they are not wont to get up demonstrations on behalf of gamblers. It is far more likely that the indignation of the crowd, worked up by a succession of small wrongs, culminated when a cry was raised against the Sikhs. A Chinese crowd is very excitable, and if they have a grievance a small spark will generally suffice to kindle their resentment to a flame. It is most desirable that outbreaks of this kind should be avoided, and we sincerely hope that steps will be immediately taken by the Police Department to inquire into the matter. Of one thing we are satisfied, whatever may have been the origin of Saturday's melee, the Sikhs are too ready to draw their sabres upon unoffending persons. This is not the outcome of mere wanton brutality or even a love of displaying power, but rather a want of discrimination and a natural readiness to enforce obedience with a blow. These sturdy defenders of ours must be taught that it is no part of their duty to worry and harass the peaceable portion of the Chinese population even when engaged in the somewhat arduous and difficult task of preserving order in the streets. It is quite needless, for instance, for the Sikh to pro a heavy leaden-coilo in the ribs with a staff to make his cross the street at the double; it is equally beside his duty to scatter the contents of a hawker's stall because he knows it with less rapidity than seems good to the constable. Some allowance must naturally be made for the trying nature of the policeman's work, but we are not expecting too much when we ask that the lower classes of the Chinese population shall not be ill used, by those of us who prove them, for trivialities or even trifles, have merely created some significant

H. B. M. gunboat *Suffolk*, Captain Collins, arrived here yesterday from Woosung, which place she left on the 24th ult.

The Ocean Steamship Co.'s steamer *Melanesia*, from Liverpool, left Singapore on the 29th ult. for that port and Shanghai.

H. E. John A. Haldeman, U. S. Minister to Siam, arrived here yesterday by the P. & O. steamer *Thistle* from Nagasaki.

The Pacific Mail steamer *City of New York*, and the American mail, left San Francisco on the 15th June for Honolulu and that port.

The Agents (Messrs. Jarman, Matheson & Co.) inform us that the Great Line steamer *Glory*, from London, left Singapore for that port on the 28th ult.

It is said that a considerable demand for toys of Japanese manufacture has sprung up in China, and that large quantities have recently been shipped to that country.

An unfortunate though very obvious typographical error crept into the paragraph in yesterday's issue giving an account of the Parade on Saturday last. The "20th June" should read 23rd June.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondence on general matters should be addressed to "The Editor," and not to individuals by name.

Correspondents are requested to forward their name and address with communications addressed to the Editor, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

Advertisements and Subscriptions which are not ordered for a fixed period will be continued until countermanded.

The wreck of the American ship *Florida*, with a crew of 100 men, has been found in Manila for \$10,000. The purchase was a Chinaman. The boats, sails, etc., which were salvaged, and some effects of the captain were sold for \$2,675.

The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company's steamer *Sherard Osborne*, which arrived here yesterday from Haiphong, reports having a schooner-sized steamer as a tow of the ship *Hainan Foo*, heading S. E. bows high and dry, and stern under-water. This is no doubt the wreck of the steamer *Morborough*.

Now has been received in Manila by telegram that the contractor for the first line of railway to be constructed in the Philippines, from the capital to Dagupan, in the province of Pangasinan, a distance of about 120 miles, will put up no action simultaneously in Madrid and Manila on the 1st October. Further particulars as to terms are expected by the mail.

Rotary of Visitors to the City Hall-Museum for the week ending June 29th 1884.

EUROPEAN, CHINESE.

Monday..... 46 ..... 743  
Tuesday..... 31 ..... 33  
Wednesday..... 30 ..... 314  
Thursday..... 39 ..... 407  
Friday..... 33 ..... 407  
Saturday..... Holiday none ..... Holiday Sunday..... 193 ..... 2034

The *Sherard Osborne*, though coming direct from Haiphong to this port, brings no news of the recent collision between French and Chinese troops at Langson. Nothing was heard about it for the first time on arriving in Hongkong. The *Sherard Osborne* has just completed laying the direct cable between Hongkong and Haiphong, and will be engaged in a day or two in laying the Hongkong and Macao cable.

The Korean Prince Min You-kuk who has lately made the tour of the world, was received on his return to Suiy by a great concourse of foreign and native officials. The Japanese Consul along with his colleagues by his absence. A large proportion of the Chinese sailors have left the capital, but it is said that they have not yet sailed, excepted by the Mandarins, troops sent to Pusan.

At all events, it seems certain that China has not abandoned her policy of interfering in Korean affairs, and people are always on the lookout for some unpleasant collision between the two Governments. The *Chihuo Maru* and the *Nam Yung*—a Chinese steamer are now plying regularly between Nagasaki, Fusan, and Kuchin—Japan Mail.

In their Commercial Report, dated the 15th June, Messrs. Bush Brothers, of Newhaven, thus report on the market.—"The general aspect of our market has not changed very much since last issue. There is still a great uneasiness prevailing amongst the Chinese, who have left the capital, and took their families with them, and are scattered throughout the country. To

all events, it seems certain that the Sikhs have not abandoned their policy of interfering in Korean affairs, and people are always on the lookout for some unpleasant collision between the two Governments. The *Chihuo Maru* and the *Nam Yung*—a Chinese steamer are now plying regularly between Nagasaki, Fusan, and Kuchin—Japan Mail.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

The tendency of the export market is still the same. Great quantities of produce are waiting their despatch in the interior, but the rivers being exceedingly low, they are prevented from coming down to this."

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

James Dens said he was passing by the scene of the disturbance. He saw about 400 Chinese around the first constable, throwing stones at him. He arrested the first and second men, and took them inside a shop. He was blowing a whistle for assistance, and the second constable came to his aid. At that time the constable had a broken stick in his hand. When he saw the other defendant throw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Wong Anung, married woman said she was walking with her boy in the street when she saw an Indian constable beating someone, and a crowd of people were looking at him. Her boy went to stop, and tried to get away, but the constable hit him, and then struck him with a bamboo stick, and then down with a stone. He was bleeding from his head, and his son was down with him.

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Chen Hing Wan, clerk employed at the Main Insurance Office, said at about 10.30 on Saturday morning he was in his office when he heard a noise, and thought it was a gun shot. He ran to the station, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The case of the disturbance in Queen's-road Saturday was before Mr. Wise yesterday morning at the Police Court. As will be seen by the report of another column, Mr. Wise has stated that the whole job was due to the way in which Sikhs consigned 350 to the market, and a number of violent acts were committed. It has since been further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

By Inspector Grey—When he came to the Station he said there were three of number of Chinese killing two Sikh constables.

He said there were a number of Chinese killing two Sikh constables.

He said he was at the station when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

The tendency of the export market is still the same. Great quantities of produce are waiting their despatch in the interior, but the rivers being exceedingly low, they are prevented from coming down to this."

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Chen Hing Wan, clerk employed at the Main Insurance Office, said at about 10.30 on Saturday morning he was in his office when he heard a noise, and thought it was a gun shot. He ran to the station, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

The tendency of the export market is still the same. Great quantities of produce are waiting their despatch in the interior, but the rivers being exceedingly low, they are prevented from coming down to this."

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Chen Hing Wan, clerk employed at the Main Insurance Office, said at about 10.30 on Saturday morning he was in his office when he heard a noise, and thought it was a gun shot. He ran to the station, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

The tendency of the export market is still the same. Great quantities of produce are waiting their despatch in the interior, but the rivers being exceedingly low, they are prevented from coming down to this."

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Chen Hing Wan, clerk employed at the Main Insurance Office, said at about 10.30 on Saturday morning he was in his office when he heard a noise, and thought it was a gun shot. He ran to the station, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

The tendency of the export market is still the same. Great quantities of produce are waiting their despatch in the interior, but the rivers being exceedingly low, they are prevented from coming down to this."

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Chen Hing Wan, clerk employed at the Main Insurance Office, said at about 10.30 on Saturday morning he was in his office when he heard a noise, and thought it was a gun shot. He ran to the station, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

The tendency of the export market is still the same. Great quantities of produce are waiting their despatch in the interior, but the rivers being exceedingly low, they are prevented from coming down to this."

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Chen Hing Wan, clerk employed at the Main Insurance Office, said at about 10.30 on Saturday morning he was in his office when he heard a noise, and thought it was a gun shot. He ran to the station, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

The tendency of the export market is still the same. Great quantities of produce are waiting their despatch in the interior, but the rivers being exceedingly low, they are prevented from coming down to this."

Chinese constable 156, said he was at the Western Market when he heard a police rifle blow. He ran to this spot, and was at the Station. He saw no stones thrown at him, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

Chen Hing Wan, clerk employed at the Main Insurance Office, said at about 10.30 on Saturday morning he was in his office when he heard a noise, and thought it was a gun shot. He ran to the station, and there were two Indian constables on the platform. The two Indians were shot dead, and the constable threw a stone at the constables, and struck him, on the back. The constable turned round and arrested him.

The *Japan Gazette* says—"Anson, a Chinaman, was unusually active some time ago, but gradually became more noted, and on the 8th June the eruption had almost entirely ceased. On that day, however, the number of Chinese who had left the capital, and were scattered throughout the country, increased still more, and was further increased by heavy arrivals, a circumstance which only contributes still more to the present dull state of the market. The demand in general is very slack.

## COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE

MONDAY, 30th June.

ON LOAN	CHINA
Bank Bills, 6 days	384
Bank Bills at 3 days' sight	384
Bank Bills at 4 days' sight	39
Credits, 6 days' sight	394
Documentary B.L. 2 months	394
ON PAID	CHINA
Bank Bills, 6 days	466
Credits, 6 days' sight	279
Documentary B.L. 2 days	227
ON SWISS	CHINA
Bank, sight	721
Private, 30 days' sight	731

Hongkong and SWI Swiss Bank Shares—119 per cent. prov'd.

Union Insurance Socy of Canton, Limited—\$550 per share.

China Traders Insur Co's Shares—265 per share. Sel'd.

North China Insurance Co's 1,400 per share.

Yangtze Insurance Association—113 per share.

Chinese Insurance Co, Limited—\$185 per share. Seller.

On Tai Insurance Co, Limited—113 per share.

Canton Insurance Off., Limited—\$824 per share. Seller.

Hongkong Fire Insurance Co's Shares—\$850 per share. Seller.

China Fire Insurance Co's Shares—\$60 per share. Seller.

Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—55 per cent. remitt. Seller.

Hongkong, Canton, and Amoy Steamboat Co's Shares—\$11 per share. remitt. Seller.

Indo-China Steam Navigation Co's Shares—

China and Manila Steamship Co, Limited—10 per cent. discount.

Douglas Steamship Co, Limited—Per cent. nominal.

Hongkong Gas Co's Shares—84 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Co's Shares—\$145 per share.

China Star Refining Co, Limited—115 per cent. premium. Buyer.

China Star Refining Co (D) (Ventures) nominal.

Luzon Sugar Refining Co, Limited—\$380 per share. Buyer.

Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—55 per cent. remitt. Seller.

Hongkong, Canton, and Amoy Steamboat Co's Shares—\$11 per share. remitt. Seller.

Indo-China Steam Navigation Co's Shares—

China and Manila Steamship Co, Limited—10 per cent. discount.

Douglas Steamship Co, Limited—Per cent. nominal.

Hongkong Gas Co's Shares—84 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Co's Shares—\$145 per share.

China Star Refining Co, Limited—115 per cent. premium. Buyer.

China Star Refining Co (D) (Ventures) nominal.

Luzon Sugar Refining Co, Limited—\$380 per share. Buyer.

Hongkong Ice Co's Shares—\$140 per share.

Hongkong and China Bakery Co, Limited—\$85 per share. Seller.

Perak Tin Mining and Smelting Co, Limited—\$60 per share. Seller.

Selangor Tin Mining Co—\$285 per share. Seller.

Perak Sugar Cultivation Co—15 per cent. share.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1874—Nominal.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1877—Nominal.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1878—Nominal.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1881—10 per cent. pmt.

## HONGKONG TEMPERATURE.

(From Messrs. Fawcett &amp; Co's Register.)

June 30th.

Temperature—F.

Barometer—P.

Humidity—%

Temperature—F.

Humidity—%

## EXTRACTS.

## HEROES OF PEACE.

Honor of Peace our fathers wore,  
When o'er the Atlantic's breast  
They sailed, two hundred years ago,  
To seek a home, and rest.  
A rest, from Europe's mad tumult;  
A home, of peace and love;  
Left by the men in whom were planted  
The lion and the dove.

A lion in the spirit of faith;

At home the dove of peace,  
Whose holy sin was, while on earth,  
That war and strife could cease.

Whose trenchant sword was not of steel,  
Who fought with words of might;

Who sought to give to other men  
His concord and his right.

And not alone are English heroes

By Penn's great words moved,  
But avenging trials in Western wilds,

The might of Truth have proved.

And Ona's name is still revered;

And Ona's virtues sung;

By happy squire, hanging grounds

Where once the war-worn sage.

Mrs. Tom Jeckyll, in "Public Opinion."

## NICE GIRLS.

"Nice-ness" being a quality common to girls, as girls, they can never cease to be nice, though what used to be meant by the expression has become old-fashioned, and girls themselves affect to dislike it. Still, the truth remains a truth that the nature of girls is to be "nice." The world does not cease to be round because we call it a sphere, nor does a war cease to be war because we call it a military operation. And so, though girls choose to be called "superior," or "advanced," or "jolly," or even "fast," or "horrid," rather than the stupid, meekless, old-fashioned word "nice," the genus "nice-girl" is still the favourite representative genus of the whole family, and one trusts may remain so. For the despised word is far from meaningless. It means "volumes." It means memories of all that has ever been pleasant to eyes and ears; and taste and fancy, through childhood and youth. It means dreams of peace and comfort for old age. It suggests sunny weather and easy minds, or happy hours and good cooks. It implies the absence of all discord, and all unpleasantries, and all ugliness. A "nice girl" is one whom everybody likes, everybody finds pleasant and delectable. It is too true that, owing to a variety of causes, this typical "nice girl" is not met with as frequently as one would wish in these days; but with indistractable optimism one believes that it is only a temporary disappearance.

It is the fashion to-day—only a passing fashion, one fervently hopes—for every girl to have a vocation or mission. To that end she has been specially educated; or that only can she converse intelligently; by that she means to live, and in absence of its supreme importance, would die. Such girls naturally "earn" to be "nice." They are "superior," and have "views" which they are very welcome to keep. Only the worst of it is that they do not want to keep them, but to exchange them; they force every one to discuss education and evolution, both good things in their way, but not when served up with the rawness, and crudeness, and unpreparedness of young ladies' "views." Or they are "good," and have devoted their lives to hospitals and missions; or "artistic," and given up body and soul to art, in the shape of china painting or the violin. And these girls have not time to think of anything so frivolous as being "nice." The sweet, old-fashioned girl, who was equally pleasant to an old fogey or a romping schoolboy, who did not snub stupid men, or boys clever men; who could play a little, sing a little, and sketch a little; who could sew, and ride, and dance; who would laugh at one's jokes, and believe one's anecdotes; who was good without wearing a uniform to announce it, and could be clever without being disagreeable—where is she? This perfect creature kept her own hobbies, if she had any, in the background of her friends. She did not refuse to read over the "Money Article" in the paper, to papa, and did not despise marketing for mamma. If she could not rival her brother's performances on the horizontal bars or in the swimming bath, she could delight in his prowess, and knew his place in class, and his average at cricket. Moreover, she was "nice" to her own sex also what Mr. Swinburne calls "the weaker," that is, the masculine. Neither the most envious of rivals nor the most spiteful of spinners could have called her "horrid." She could sympathize with her maid-servants' parish troubles, or with her bosom friend's love affairs. Girls do not seem to want "bosom friends" nowadays, and there is nothing they like better than shocking old ladies. Perhaps it is too large an inference; but if there be any modern girls who still aspire to matronity, it would be good policy on their part to be "nice," even to the old maids who are related to "marriageable men." Men rarely marry to please their sisters and their cousins and their aunts; but they are more or less influenced by their opinions.

It is interesting to notice how the literature of the past and present illustrates the subject of nice girls. Every writer—even the greatest—is unconsciously imbued with the spirit of his own age. Though he places his creations in the far past, they are still the men and women of his own day. Shakespeare's men and women belong to the sixteenth century, just as Dickens' and Thackeray's to the nineteenth. And so the characters of novelists and playwrights are very fairly representative of the actual people who lived when the writers lived; and a slight comparison of some of the heroines of fiction will prove what has been said above that "nice girls" are at present unpopular, and thought of as fit for heroines. Miss Austen's heroines are all typical nice girls—Emma the nicest of all. Miss Edgeworth's, perhaps, just miss being "nice" by being a shade too prim. The Vicar of Wakefield's daughters were nice girls, and so was Fielding's charming Sophia Western. Scott's heroines are all nice girls, and so are the heroines of Dickens and Thackeray. In Trollope's best books his heroines are representatively nice girls—Lucy Robarts, and Lily Dale, and Grace Grayson, for instance. In novels written by men we still meet with nice girls, but rarely; if ever, in novels written by women. There is something significant even in the names which were and are chosen for heroines. The Lucy's, and Fanny's, and Emma's and Lily's, and Gineas and Julius, and so on, have given place to such names as Ayah, Silence, Paril, Baby, or Charlie and Nan, and various pet names which are typical of the new style of heroines.

"Jane Eyre" was the first representative of the intense heroines—the woman of intellect and passion, purposeful earnestness. "Aurora Floyd" has, we think, the doubtful honour of being first in the field of the crowd of fast and roisterous heroines who have become popular among lady novelists. If Miss Edgeworth's heroines were a little bit too good to be "nice," these modern girls are a little too bad to be "nice." It really is time to make a change. Surely all readers are tired of the heroine with tangled locks and big eyes, who plunges in one chapter from school girl rump to passionate love for the man with

gigantic limbs and tawny beard, who talks slang and flirts beyond the bounds of foolishness, and is only saved by an accident from running away with somebody else's husband from her own. The old-fashioned heroines who never bestowed their affections until they were formally caught, and blushed and fluttered if they betrayed by a look the feelings of their simple little hearts, were more to one's taste than these.

There is one type of heroine who can be well spared from either fact or fiction—the sentimental heroine, the provoking creature who was perpetually fainting and weeping, and "raising steaming eyes to Heaven," and "speculating, "gracious powers!" We have reached a nobler ideal than that, and in the heroines of George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte, all the earnestness and grandeur of the best side of modern life is fully represented. Dorothea, and Rosamond, and Dinah are beautiful and sublime. "Bath" has not anything to show more fair." But these are not what is meant by "nice girls."

The shadowy heroines, again, of the new American school could never be called by that affectionate and familiar title. They are not flesh and blood, but intellectual soft-tissues. They are analyzed to death. "Quonias Margaret" in "Dr. Clodwin" is very charming, though too delicately sketched to be realized; and Isabel, in that won-terfully clever book, "A Portrait of a Lady," is fascinating, and would be "delightful" if the author left her a little more. But he is for ever turning her character inside out, and laying bare the tenderest tissues of feeling and thought. One of the best pictures of the "nice girl," who unites with the old-fashioned sweetness and modesty the earnestness and strength of the new type of womanhood, is Angela Messenger, in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." She, and a few more in fiction, and many in real life, prove that it is possible for a nice girl to be also a noble woman; and give grounds for the hope that the true ideal of womanhood is a permanent and indestructible possession, and that, long after the eccentricities of an age have passed away.

"How fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright days and light our dreams,  
Turning to seem with divine  
The falsehood of existence!"

Globe.

THE MILK IN THE COCONUT.

For many centuries the coconut problem how to account for the milk in the coconut has awakened the profoundest interest alike of ingenious infancy and of mature scientific men. Though it cannot be truthfully affirmed of it, as of the cosmogony or creation of the world, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," that it has puzzled the philosophers of all ages, the "cosmopolitan" was certainly ignorant of the very existence of that delicious juice, and Manthoo doubtless went to his grave without having tasted it fresh from the nut, under a tropical veranda, yet it may be safely asserted that for the last 800 years no one would wish these days, but with indistractable optimism one believes that it is only a temporary disappearance.

It is the fashion to-day—only a passing fashion, one fervently hopes—for every girl to have a vocation or mission. To that end she has been specially educated; or that only can she converse intelligently; by that she means to live, and in absence of its supreme importance, would die. Such girls naturally "earn" to be "nice." They are "superior," and have "views" which they are very welcome to keep. Only the worst of it is that they do not want to keep them, but to exchange them; they force every one to discuss education and evolution, both good things in their way, but not when served up with the rawness, and crudeness, and unpreparedness of young ladies' "views." Or they are "good," and have devoted their lives to hospitals and missions; or "artistic," and given up body and soul to art, in the shape of china painting or the violin. And these girls have not time to think of anything so frivolous as being "nice." The sweet, old-fashioned girl, who was equally pleasant to an old fogey or a romping schoolboy, who did not snub stupid men, or boys clever men; who could play a little, sing a little, and sketch a little; who could sew, and ride, and dance; who would laugh at one's jokes, and believe one's anecdotes; who was good without wearing a uniform to announce it, and could be clever without being disagreeable—where is she? This perfect creature kept her own hobbies, if she had any, in the background of her friends. She did not refuse to read over the "Money Article" in the paper, to papa, and did not despise marketing for mamma. If she could not rival her brother's performances on the horizontal bars or in the swimming bath, she could delight in his prowess, and knew his place in class, and his average at cricket. Moreover, she was "nice" to her own sex also what Mr. Swinburne calls "the weaker," that is, the masculine. Neither the most envious of rivals nor the most spiteful of spinners could have called her "horrid." She could sympathize with her maid-servants' parish troubles, or with her bosom friend's love affairs. Girls do not seem to want "bosom friends" nowadays, and there is nothing they like better than shocking old ladies. Perhaps it is too large an inference; but if there be any modern girls who still aspire to matronity, it would be good policy on their part to be "nice," even to the old maids who are related to "marriageable men." Men rarely marry to please their sisters and their cousins and their aunts; but they are more or less influenced by their opinions.

It is interesting to notice how the literature of the past and present illustrates the subject of nice girls. Every writer—even the greatest—is unconsciously imbued with the spirit of his own age. Though he places his creations in the far past, they are still the men and women of his own day. Shakespeare's men and women belong to the sixteenth century, just as Dickens' and Thackeray's to the nineteenth. And so the characters of novelists and playwrights are very fairly representative of the actual people who lived when the writers lived; and a slight comparison of some of the heroines of fiction will prove what has been said above that "nice girls" are at present unpopular, and thought of as fit for heroines. Miss Austen's heroines are all typical nice girls—Emma the nicest of all. Miss Edgeworth's, perhaps, just miss being "nice" by being a shade too prim. The Vicar of Wakefield's daughters were nice girls, and so was Fielding's charming Sophia Western. Scott's heroines are all nice girls, and so are the heroines of Dickens and Thackeray. In Trollope's best books his heroines are representatively nice girls—Lucy Robarts, and Lily Dale, and Grace Grayson, for instance. In novels written by men we still meet with nice girls, but rarely; if ever, in novels written by women. There is something significant even in the names which were and are chosen for heroines. The Lucy's, and Fanny's, and Emma's and Lily's, and Gineas and Julius, and so on, have given place to such names as Ayah, Silence, Paril, Baby, or Charlie and Nan, and various pet names which are typical of the new style of heroines.

"Jane Eyre" was the first representative of the intense heroines—the woman of intellect and passion, purposeful earnestness. "Aurora Floyd" has, we think, the doubtful honour of being first in the field of the crowd of fast and roisterous heroines who have become popular among lady novelists. If Miss Edgeworth's heroines were a little bit too good to be "nice," these modern girls are a little too bad to be "nice." It really is time to make a change. Surely all readers are tired of the heroine with tangled locks and big eyes, who plunges in one chapter from school girl rump to passionate love for the man with

gigantic limbs and tawny beard, who talks slang and flirts beyond the bounds of foolishness, and is only saved by an accident from running away with somebody else's husband from her own. The old-fashioned heroines who never bestowed their affections until they were formally caught, and blushed and fluttered if they betrayed by a look the feelings of their simple little hearts, were more to one's taste than these.

The office of the coconut water is the deposition of the nutty part around the side of the shell; it is so to speak, the mother liquid, from which the harder, eatable portion is afterwards derived. This state is not uncommon in embryo seeds. In a very young pea, for example, the inside is quite watery, and only the outer skin is at all solid, as we have all observed when green beans first come into season. But the special peculiarity of the coconut consists in the fact that this liquid condition of the interior continues even after the nut is ripe, and that is the really curious point about the milk in the coconut, which does actually need accounting for.

It must be duly borne in mind, to begin with, that the prime end and object of the coconut is to be eaten raw by the ingenious monkey, or to be converted by lordly mastiffs in the heroines of George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte, all the earnestness and grandeur of the best side of modern life is fully represented. Dorothea, and Rosamond, and Dinah are beautiful and sublime. "Bath" has not anything to show more fair." But these are not what is meant by "nice girls."

The shadowy heroines, again, of the new American school could never be called by that affectionate and familiar title. They are not flesh and blood, but intellectual soft-tissues. They are analyzed to death. "Quonias Margaret" in "Dr. Clodwin" is very charming, though too delicately sketched to be realized; and Isabel, in that won-terribly clever book, "A Portrait of a Lady," is fascinating, and would be "delightful" if the author left her a little more. But he is for ever turning her character inside out, and laying bare the tenderest tissues of feeling and thought. One of the best pictures of the "nice girl," who unites with the old-fashioned sweetness and modesty the earnestness and strength of the new type of womanhood, is Angela Messenger, in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." She, and a few more in fiction, and many in real life, prove that it is possible for a nice girl to be also a noble woman; and give grounds for the hope that the true ideal of womanhood is a permanent and indestructible possession, and that, long after the eccentricities of an age have passed away.

"How fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright days and light our dreams,  
Turning to seem with divine  
The falsehood of existence!"

Globe.

THE MILK IN THE COCONUT.

For many centuries the coconut problem how to account for the milk in the coconut has awakened the profoundest interest alike of ingenious infancy and of mature scientific men. Though it cannot be truthfully affirmed of it, as of the cosmogony or creation of the world, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," that it has puzzled the philosophers of all ages, the "cosmopolitan" was certainly ignorant of the very existence of that delicious juice, and Manthoo doubtless went to his grave without having tasted it fresh from the nut, under a tropical veranda, yet it may be safely asserted that for the last 800 years no one would wish these days, but with indistractable optimism one believes that it is only a temporary disappearance.

It is the fashion to-day—only a passing fashion, one fervently hopes—for every girl to have a vocation or mission. To that end she has been specially educated; or that only can she converse intelligently; by that she means to live, and in absence of its supreme importance, would die. Such girls naturally "earn" to be "nice." They are "superior," and have "views" which they are very welcome to keep. Only the worst of it is that they do not want to keep them, but to exchange them; they force every one to discuss education and evolution, both good things in their way, but not when served up with the rawness, and crudeness, and unpreparedness of young ladies' "views."

Or they are "good," and have devoted their lives to hospitals and missions; or "artistic," and given up body and soul to art, in the shape of china painting or the violin. And these girls have not time to think of anything so frivolous as being "nice." The sweet, old-fashioned girl, who was equally pleasant to an old fogey or a romping schoolboy, who did not snub stupid men, or boys clever men; who could play a little, sing a little, and sketch a little; who could sew, and ride, and dance; who would laugh at one's jokes, and believe one's anecdotes; who was good without wearing a uniform to announce it, and could be clever without being disagreeable—where is she? This perfect creature kept her own hobbies, if she had any, in the background of her friends. She did not refuse to read over the "Money Article" in the paper, to papa, and did not despise marketing for mamma. If she could not rival her brother's performances on the horizontal bars or in the swimming bath, she could delight in his prowess, and knew his place in class, and his average at cricket. Moreover, she was "nice" to her own sex also what Mr. Swinburne calls "the weaker," that is, the masculine. Neither the most envious of rivals nor the most spiteful of spinners could have called her "horrid." She could sympathize with her maid-servants' parish troubles, or with her bosom friend's love affairs. Girls do not seem to want "bosom friends" nowadays, and there is nothing they like better than shocking old ladies. Perhaps it is too large an inference; but if there be any modern girls who still aspire to matronity, it would be good policy on their part to be "nice," even to the old maids who are related to "marriageable men." Men rarely marry to please their sisters and their cousins and their aunts; but they are more or less influenced by their opinions.

It is interesting to notice how the literature of the past and present illustrates the subject of nice girls. Every writer—even the greatest—is unconsciously imbued with the spirit of his own age. Though he places his creations in the far past, they are still the men and women of his own day. Shakespeare's men and women belong to the sixteenth century, just as Dickens' and Thackeray's to the nineteenth. And so the characters of novelists and playwrights are very fairly representative of the actual people who lived when the writers lived; and a slight comparison of some of the heroines of fiction will prove what has been said above that "nice girls" are at present unpopular, and thought of as fit for heroines. Miss Austen's heroines are all typical nice girls—Emma the nicest of all. Miss Edgeworth's, perhaps, just miss being "nice" by being a shade too prim. The Vicar of Wakefield's daughters were nice girls, and so was Fielding's charming Sophia Western. Scott's heroines are all nice girls, and so are the heroines of Dickens and Thackeray. In Trollope's best books his heroines are representatively nice girls—Lucy Robarts, and Lily Dale, and Grace Grayson, for instance. In novels written by men we still meet with nice girls, but rarely; if ever, in novels written by women. There is something significant even in the names which were and are chosen for heroines. The Lucy's, and Fanny's, and Emma's and Lily's, and Gineas and Julius, and so on, have given place to such names as Ayah, Silence, Paril, Baby, or Charlie and Nan, and various pet names which are typical of the new style of heroines.

"Jane Eyre" was the first representative of the intense heroines—the woman of intellect and passion, purposeful earnestness. "Aurora Floyd" has, we think, the doubtful honour of being first in the field of the crowd of fast and roisterous heroines who have become popular among lady novelists. If Miss Edgeworth's heroines were a little bit too good to be "nice," these modern girls are a little too bad to be "nice." It really is time to make a change. Surely all readers are tired of the heroine with tangled locks and big eyes, who plunges in one chapter from school girl rump to passionate love for the man with

gigantic limbs and tawny beard, who talks slang and flirts beyond the bounds of foolishness, and is only saved by an accident from running away with somebody else's husband from her own. The old-fashioned heroines who never bestowed their affections until they were formally caught, and blushed and fluttered if they betrayed by a look the feelings of their simple little hearts, were more to one's taste than these.

The office of the coconut water is the deposition of the nutty part around the side of the shell; it is so to speak, the mother liquid, from which the harder, eatable portion is afterwards derived. This state is not uncommon in embryo seeds. In a very young pea, for example, the inside is quite watery, and only the outer skin is at all solid, as we have all observed when green beans first come into season. But the special peculiarity of the coconut consists in the fact that this liquid condition of the interior continues even after the nut is ripe, and that is the really curious point about the milk in the coconut, which does actually need accounting for.

It must be duly borne in mind, to begin with, that the prime end and object of the coconut is to be eaten raw by the ingenious monkey, or to be converted by lordly mastiffs in the heroines of George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte, all the earnestness and grandeur of the best side of modern life is fully represented. Dorothea, and Rosamond, and Dinah are beautiful and sublime. "Bath" has not anything to show more fair." But these are not what is meant by "nice girls."

The shadowy heroines, again, of the new American school could never be called by that affectionate and familiar title. They are not flesh and blood, but intellectual soft-tissues. They are analyzed to death. "Quonias Margaret" in "Dr. Clodwin" is very charming, though too delicately sketched to be realized; and Isabel, in that won-terribly clever book, "A Portrait of a Lady," is fascinating, and would be "delightful" if the author left her a little more. But he is for ever turning her character inside out, and laying bare the tenderest tissues of feeling and thought. One of the best pictures of the "nice girl," who unites with the old-fashioned sweetness and modesty the earnestness and strength of the new type of womanhood, is Angela Messenger, in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." She, and a few more in fiction, and many in real life, prove that it is possible for a nice girl to be also a noble woman; and give grounds for the hope that the true ideal of womanhood is a permanent and indestructible possession, and that, long after the eccentricities of an age have passed away.

"How fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright days and light our dreams,  
Turning to seem with divine  
The falsehood of existence!"

Globe.

THE MILK IN THE COCONUT.

For many centuries the coconut problem how to account for the milk in the coconut has awakened the profoundest interest alike of ingenious infancy and of mature scientific men. Though it cannot be truthfully affirmed of it, as of the cosmogony or creation of the world, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," that it has puzzled the philosophers of all ages, the "cosmopolitan" was certainly ignorant of the very existence of that delicious juice, and Manthoo doubtless went to his grave without having tasted it fresh from the nut, under a tropical veranda, yet it may be safely asserted that for the last 800 years no one would wish these days, but with indistractable optimism one believes that it is only a temporary disappearance.

It is the fashion to-day—only a passing fashion, one fervently hopes—for every girl to have a vocation or mission. To that end she has been specially educated; or that only can she converse intelligently; by that she means to live, and in absence of its supreme importance, would die. Such girls naturally "earn" to be "nice." They are "superior," and have "views" which they are very welcome to keep. Only the worst of it is that they do not want to keep them, but to exchange them; they force every one to discuss